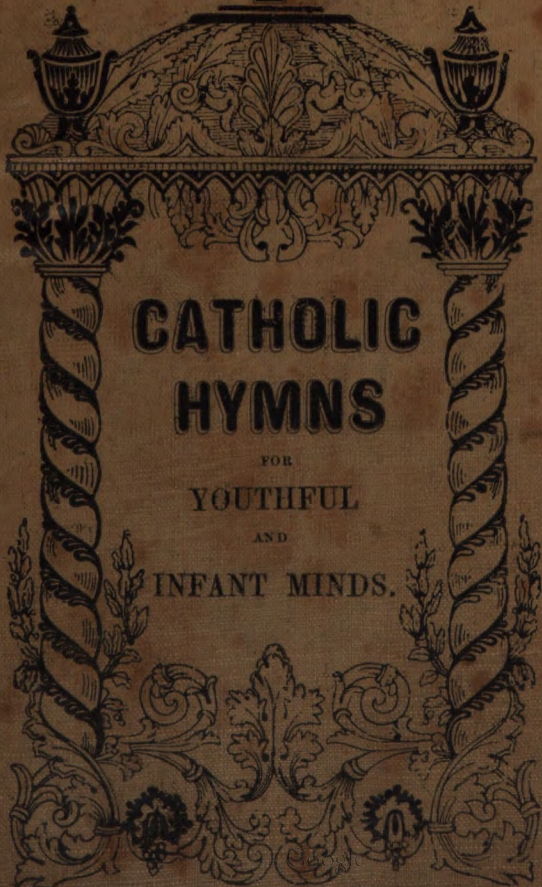

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**CATHOLIC
HYMNS**

FOR

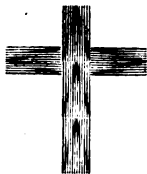
YOUTHFUL

AND

INFANT MINDS.

47-1411-

CATHOLIC HYMNS.



CATHOLIC HYMNS

FOR

YOUTHFUL

AND

INFANT MINDS.

~~~~~  
"To lead them into virtue's path,  
And up to truth divine."  
~~~~~

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A FEW POEMS

ON SUBJECTS

Interesting to Catholic Readers.

BY

M. A. P.

BERMONDSEY.

L O N D O N :

T. JONES, 63, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1847.

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TO CATHOLIC PARENTS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have composed this little work for the benefit of your children, in the hope that it may be acceptable to you, and not useless to them. I had not the happiness of being brought up in the “household of the faith,” but amongst those from whom I have seceded were circulated many poetical works upon religious subjects adapted for children. The impression made by a simple lay upon the mind of a child (which, it has been beautifully

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said, is “wax to receive, but marble to retain,”) the tenacity with which early recollections cling to the memory even after youth, has passed,—the amount of lasting instruction capable by this means of being conveyed, created a wish in my mind that such a mode of imparting religious knowledge existed amongst us, and led me to make this humble effort to supply it. That God may bestow his blessings on the attempt thus made for the lambs of his fold, is the earnest prayer of my heart.

TO CHILDREN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I present you a little book with which I hope many of you will be pleased. I can recollect when young myself, the lessons given me in Poetry were always those that most interested me, and so I find it with my own dear children: but remember, vainly will parents teach, vainly will friends write for you, unless Almighty God give his blessing. This I affectionately intreat you to seek for, and beseech your Mother in heaven, our ever

Blessed Lady, to obtain it for you : she never can plead in vain, as I have told you in one of my little poems. If they should be the means of leading any of you to love God more, reverence his holy truth, help you to overcome your natural faults, and acquire the virtues proper for your state; then will He be glorified, and the efforts of me, his humble creature, amply rewarded. That this may be the case, is the sincere prayer of,

My dear young friends,

The Author,

M. A. P.

*Bermondsey,
April, 1847.*

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CATHOLIC HYMNS.

THE HAPPY DEATH.

A LOVELY little girl,
Upon her death-bed lay ;
And though but eight years old, had she
Walked in the holy way.

Her parents weeping stood,
Her pastor too was there,
And for the patient sufferer
They uttered many a prayer.

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No notice did she take,
 It seemed her sense had fled,
 While the short breathing sadly told
 She'd soon be with the dead.

But he, who her young heart
 Had trained its God to know,
 Wished, with a fond anxiety,
 Some simple sign might show

If Jesus, the dear Lord,
 Her pious childhood's love,
 Was soothing her ;—oh ! could she speak,
 And all his sweetness prove !

But speechless was the child ;
 And, the minister of God
 Again in solemn prayer burst forth,
 And grace for her implored.

Before her failing sight
 A crucifix they place ;
 See, now, how beautiful a smile
 Beams in that pallid face !

Oh ! joy, the kiss which greets
 It placed upon her breast,
 Owns she feels Jesu's bosom soon
 Will be her happy rest.

She had been sensible
 Of loved one's, tears and prayers ;
 But the strong feelings of her soul
Then were not even their's.

The death-like langour might
 For none on earth awake ;
 But what expiring strength could do,
 It did for Jesu's sake.

A smile ! one gentle sigh !
 And hushed her feeble breath ;
 But could e'en fond affection mourn
 At such a holy death !

None wept,—faith made them feel ;
 Angels were hovering by,
 Bearing the happy spirit to
 Glorious eternity.

Dear children who may read
Of this sweet child's blest end,
Live so, that you at hour of death
May Jesus find your friend.

Nor think you are too young,—
She was but eight years old ;
Yet, the Redeemer did to her
His precious truths unfold

And every morn and eve,
Fail not to spend your breath
In praying for the brightest grace,
A holy, happy death.*

* I found this simple tale in "The Catholic Instructor," in one of the Letters from Belgium; and, thinking it might be useful to many dear little ones, have thus made free with it. (See CATHOLIC INSTRUCTOR, vol. i. page 38.)

"I WAS HUNGRY, AND YE FED ME."

**LORD, what can I do for thee,
Who hast done so much for me?
Is there nothing I can give,
Which thy goodness will receive?
Yes, methinks, I see thee show,
In thy Word, what I can do;
When the poor distress'd I see,
Feeding them I give to thee.**

**Then, oh! dearest Lord, my store,
Oft shall be spent on thy poor;
Sweetmeat tempting, or gay toy,
All forgotten in the joy.
I must feel this truth to know,
That I somewhat can bestow
On my Lord, who gives me all,
Nor will refuse a gift, though small.**



TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MOTHER of Mercy ! now behold
 A lamb of thy own Jesu's fold ;
 To each thou art the Mother given,
 To aid their souls to him and heaven.

Scarce can I think of heaven, or pray,
 But o'er my mind some idle play,
 Or wicked thoughts perhaps, intrude,
 And rob me of my feelings good.

And then, alas ! I sadly fear,
My Jesus will not hear such prayer ;
But do thou, Mother, mild and sweet,
For a weak thoughtless child intreat.

Oh ! may his holy childhood be
The model of my infancy ;
I would, to show him how I love,
Like him, obedient ever prove.

Most blessed Mother ! nought can mar
The efficacy of thy prayer ;
If here, the good oft grace obtain,
Can'st thou in heaven plead in vain ?

Never,—for does thy sacred son,
Love, the most tender, for thee own,
And what thou askest, gives to thee ;
Then, Holy Mary, pray for me !

SUNDAY.

OH ! blest and honoured day,
Day sacred to my God,
When Holy Church loves to display
By her how He's adored.

Now to his temple we,
With willing footsteps pace,
Where it is beautiful to see
Such bright things richly grace.

Flowers of the choicest hue,
Whose odours breathe around,
His altar deck, to whom is due
All that can fair be found.

And o'er the altar see,
Of sin the ransom-price,
A picture sad, which telleth me
Of Jesu's sacrifice.

'Tis fixed upon my soul,
 The house of God I see,
 All sinful thoughts must I controul
 And nourish purity.

Emblem of purity
 Is water, which I take,
 And on my brow, all reverently,
 The holy sign I make.

And to Almighty God
 Most fervently I pray,
 To me he would his grace accord,
 And purge all sin away.

Now doth the incense sweet,
 In its circling columns rise,
 Oh ! 'tis of prayer an emblem meet,
 Which mounts above the skies.

Hark ! how melodiously
 The alleluias peal,
 From earth to heaven invitingly,
 Those sounds the senses steal.

Delightful 'tis to see,
 Within such temple fair,
 How the bowed head, the bended knee,
 Declare that God is there.

But where he loves to be,
 He wears the lowliest guise,
 His goodness veils his majesty,
 That it dazzle not our eyes.

Veiled we should also see,
 Did faith illumine our sight,
 Adoring angels reverently
 Attend the Lord of might.

What feelings should I bring
 Into this solemn place,
 Sure, in my heart no earthly thing
 Should have the smallest space.

Oh ! sacred, happy day,
 Thy praises will I sing,
 With Holy Church my love display,
 For heaven's Eternal King !



WHAT IS FAITH ?

FAITH is to credit all God's truth,
 Nor let a doubt arise,
 Assured that he can do much more
 Than what may meet our eyes.

How may we know what God has taught ?
 He has declared the way,
 To bring our souls to heaven and him,
 By which we cannot stray.

A holy mother he has given
The children of his love,
And blessed truths she teaches us,
As taught her from above.

The Church, whom God's good spirit guides,
As Jesus said he should,
And thus her heavenly doctrines rest
Upon his sacred word.

Then, even a little child like me,
An act of faith may make,
All Holy Church reveals *I* hold,
And trust ne'er to forsake.



WHAT IS HOPE?

HOPE is the precious gift of God,
Which here our hearts doth buoy,
Bids us through Christ anticipate
Bright Heaven's eternal joy.

'Tis sweet to know that blessed hope
May fill a childish breast,
Younger than I have this enjoyed,
And entered into rest.

Hope founded on the promise sure,
Of Jesus crucified,
Forbids despair to blight the souls
Of those for whom he died.

I'll praise thee, ever dearest Lord,
For that to me is given,
The purchase of thy bitter death,
The precious hope of heaven.

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CHARITY.

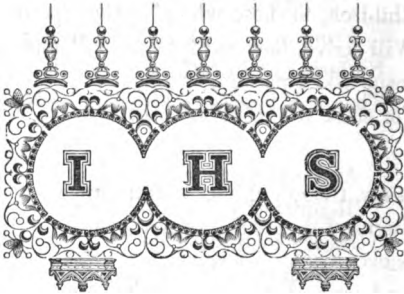
OUR souls must worship God,
 By **Faith**, and **Hope**, and **Love** ;
 The greatest of them is the last,
 His Holy word will prove :
 Come, Holy Spirit, fill the heart
 E'en of a child, and love impart.

Love is the virtue whence
 Our hopes of joy arise,

For love brought Jesus down,
 From his home above the skies ;
 Suffering and death bore he below,—
 Then can I cease to love him?—No.

And every one does he
 Require that I should love,
 As my own self I do,
 True love to him to prove,—
 All bear the image of my God ;
 All purchased by his precious blood.

And where the love of God
 Dwells in the heart 'tis shewn,
 By his almighty will,
 Submissive being done :
 Now may this love be found in me,
 More pure to be when heaven I see.



THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS.

**'Tis sad to see a little child,
Who should be innocent and mild,
Give way to angry look, or word,
So unlike his blessed Lord.**

**Children too often angrily,
When told of a fault, will reply ;
Jesus, to those who did accuse
Him wrongfully, made no excuse.**

Children, to those who give them pain,
Will strive, how sad ! to wound again ;
Jesus asked pardon, 'ere he died,
For those who him had crucified.

Jesus, though children often prove
Ungrateful, and forget his love,
Is ever ready to forgive,
And erring little ones receive.

Dear children, would you happy be
With Jesus through eternity,
To be like him, oh ! always strive,
Gentle and willing to forgive.



TO SAINT JOSEPH.

**SAINT Joseph, whose great destiny
It was to shield the infancy
Of my dear Lord, I ask of thee,
That thou wilt ever pray for me.**

**Oh ! thou who didst so faithful serve,
And the holy infant's life preserve,
Entreat no threatening dangers here,
Hinder me from the heavenly sphere.**

Thou, whose high dignity was shown,
That Jesus should obedience own
To thee, obtain that I may show
Obedience to my parents too.

By all the joy that warmed thy breast,
When Jesus made it oft his rest,
Thou nursing father of my Lord,
Thy influence to me accord.

Saint ! the most favored in thy death,
Jesus receiving thy last breath ;
His blessed mother soothing thee,
Pray for a happy death for me.



HEAVEN.

THERE is a glorious place above,
Prepared for those who Jesus love ;
There dwell they ever in his sight,
Their company his angels bright.

And in that land, where all is fair,
How many a holy child is there ;
And, oh ! their boundless happiness
Can none in heaven or earth express.

There some are found whose youthful ear
On earth loved music sweet to hear ;
But they would tell that none can sing
Like angels of the heavenly king.

And those who here passed happy hours,
Storing themselves with beauteous flowers,
Could show us that, in heaven, they
Have flowers, which never fade away.

And sweetest odours from them rise,
The precious incense of the skies;
And is all this for such as I,
This lovely place above the sky?

Yes, for God's holy word declares,
To those who love him, heaven is their's ;
And tells, that grief not there appears,
For Jesus wipes away all tears.

Lord, grant my youthful thoughts may be
Often employed on heaven and thee ;
And be my life so pure, that I
May go to heaven when I die.



HELL.

THERE is a place of bitter woe,
Where all who love not God must go ;
Where is not seen a glimpse of light,
But all is dark and endless night.

In this most dreadful place, called hell,
With Satan all the wicked dwell ;
Tortured by flames unceasingly,
Doomed to eternal misery.

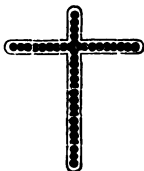
Fevered their tongues with parching heat,
Vainly for water they entreat ;
Nought can these wretched spirits gain,
That in the least might ease their pain.

No, they have set at nought their Lord,
Nor loved his ways, nor feared his word,
Nor sought his mercy here by prayer,
And now, their voice he will not hear !

Oh ! while I think on their sad fate,
I'll seek, 'ere yet it be too late,
My God, who wishes me to be
Happy through all eternity.

To save my soul from endless loss,
My Jesus died upon the cross ;
My hope shall rest on him, nor vain,
Hell to escape and heaven gain.





THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

UPON my brow I love to trace
The sacred sign of saving grace,
The sign of Faith of Hope and Love ;
Dear in its sweet simplicity,
Is the action small which maketh me
These holy feelings prove.

At morn, how faithfully it brings
My first thoughts to all glorious things,
The purchase of my Lord ;
Who, on the cross at Calvary,
That he might heaven win for me,
There shed his sacred blood.

When stubborn tempers vex my soul,
 How often will it these controul,
 The holy sign to make ;
 Minding me of my Jesus mild,
 Who, once like me a little child,
 God's laws did never break.

When even I some sorrow know,
 I think of Jesu's bitter woe,
 Which he so meekly bore ;
 The symbol of his love I make,
 And pray with patience, for his sake,
 I may endure my sore.

And when ere I retire to rest,
 My bosom with this sweet sign blest,
 In peace I sink to sleep ;
 No evil spirit shall molest
 With wicked thoughts, that infant breast
 Who firm to Christ doth keep.

THE FINDING OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE.

WOE filled the blessed Mary's mind,
Her Son and Lord she could not find,
Aching her breast with many a sigh,
As heavily three days passed by.

But Holy Jesus, where was he ?
Not found in idle company :
The eternal wisdom of the skies
Was asking questions of the wise.

Nought was there new that he could know,
But that he might to children show,
The wise and good should likewise be,
Often their chosen company.

And as they grow in years, shall they
Advance in wisdom's pleasant way ;
And, like their dear Redeemer, find
Favour with God and with mankind.



CHRIST'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

“ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

AND will the Lord of glory hear,
Even a little suppliant's prayer?
Adored by angels bright above,
Does he desire an infant's love?

Oh, yes, my Saviour, such as me
Thou did'st permit to come to thee,
And in thy arms so loving blest,
And of thy kingdom them confest.

But yet, unless I seek to prove
That I my sweet Lord Jesus love,
I know that every hope is vain,
The promised kingdom to obtain.

Then, for thy tender mercies' sake,
Lord, let a child thy grace partake,
That all I need on earth be given
To bring my soul to thee and heaven.

And one so near thee, I entreat,
Ever for me to supplicate,
Thy blessed Mother, and with thee,
How powerful must be her plea.

And Holy Church will be my guide,
And such rich means for me provide,
To make me here my Jesus love,
That I may join his Church above.



MORNING HYMN.

Oh, my God, all praise to thee,
That another day I see ;
Now my heart to thee I give,
Thou the offering wilt receive.

Safely through the night I slept,
Angels watch o'er me have kept ;
Nought has happened to molest,
Or disturb my infant breast.

Lord, to thee I humbly pray,
That thou would'st throughout the day,
What I need for me provide,—
Be my father, friend, and guide.

May my various studies be,
Blest and sanctified by thee ;
And the pleasures that I love,
Be what thou wilt all approve.

Should some trial wait on me,
Patient may I strive to be ;
Think of all the bitter sore,
Gentle Jesus for me bore.

Holy, happy, be this day,
That when it shall pass away,
No sad thoughts may yield me pain,
It was given me in vain.



EVENING HYMN.

To my Lord, at close of day,
Grateful homage let me pay ;
Many mercies have been mine,
Coming from his care divine.

But how have I passed this day ?
Have I sinned at work or play ?
Let me ask, and let me strive,
Deeply o'er each sin to grieve.

Let me think, when on my bed,
No where had to lay his head,
Blessed Jesus ;—thus did he
Deny himself, yet give to me.

Then upon his goodness I
Will in confidence rely ;
He will guard me whilst I sleep,
And every danger from me keep.

And if wakeful I should prove,
I will raise my heart above ;
Where the hymns of angels ring
Night and day to heaven's king.

Happy is each little one,
Who doth love to Jesus own ;
They may fearlessly commend
Themselves to him, the children's friend.



BEFORE A CRUCIFIX.

NAILED upon the fatal tree,
 Depicted here, my Lord I see ;
 Can I coldly look and feel
 No contrition o'er me steal ?
 Sin has caused this agony,
 And, alas, a sinner I.

Wicked men who used him so,
 Fixed the thorns upon his brow ;

Nailed the sacred hands and feet,
Knew not Jesus, mild and sweet :
The despised, forsaken one,
Was the king of heaven's son.

But I, who have been early taught
To know and love him as I ought,
Have done all that I could do,
His deep suffering to renew ;
Clung to sin, which caused his pain,
Thus crucified my Lord again.

Lord, by all thy sorrows sore,
Let it be like this no more ;
I hate the sin which caused to flow
Thy precious blood ; and hear me now,
Entreat, I may thy grace partake,
And for ever sin forsake.



JESUS. GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS, shepherd good, behold
 A tender lamb of thy own fold ;
 Hear me now, I come to pray,
 That from thee I ne'er may stray.

When thou seest that my heart,
 Prone to ill, from thee would'st part,
 Oh, forbid it, Lord ! and me
 With chords of love draw close to thee.

**Thou wast once a little child,
But so innocent and mild,
I know that I am not like thee,
But accept my wish to be.**

**Oh, that I could always prove,
I my gentle shepherd love,
By not letting in my breast,
Angry passions find a rest.**

**Let me live for thee whilst here,
Then my death I need not fear ;
To thy fold in heaven above,
All are borne whom thou dost love.**





THE CRUCIFIX.

A LITTLE child devoutly prest
 The likeness to her artless breast,
 Of her dear Lord, while one stood by,
 Who thus addressed her chidingly :

“ And can you silly little one,
 “ Devotion to an image own ?
 “ I’ve surely heard of such as you,
 “ But scarcely could believe it true ;—

“ Oh ! anger not Almighty God,
 “ Who alone will be adored ;
 “ Nor sin upon your conscience bring,
 “ By worshipping a senseless thing.”

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Thus spoke unto the little one,
 She, who few summers more might own ;
 Angry she seemed, and yet the child
 No answer made, for she was mild.

Not many days passed, 'ere the same
 Reprover, to her young friend came,
 And thus exclaimed, " Oh ! Mary, see,
 " What kind Papa has sent to me ;

" He is abroad, you knew him well,
 " And therefore you can truly tell,
 " Was ever likeness so complete,—
 " Oh ! is this not a present sweet ?

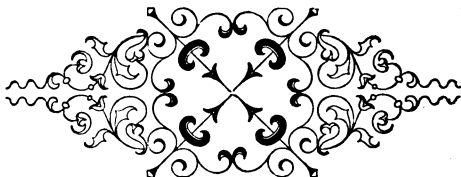
" The eyes, see they are fixed on me,
 " With pleasure as they used to be !
 " The lips, a kiss they seem to crave,
 " A kiss then surely they shall have."

She stopped, for little Mary's eye,
 Regarded her attentively,
 And thus she spoke : " Oh ! can it be,
 " That you so angry were with me ?

**“ When marks of love I gave, that you
“ Do to your Father’s likeness shew,
“ Unto the image of my Lord,
“ Who shed for me his precious blood ?**

**“ No sense it hath, I know full well,
“ So doth my catechism tell ;
“ But this, indeed, I always find,
“ My Jesu’s love it brings to mind.”**





A CHILD TO HIS ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Oh ! my good Angel, now be near,
To bear above my infant prayer,
With holy thoughts to fill my heart,
And bid the idle one's depart.

Grateful thy tender care I own,
For is it not celestial one ;
Thou, who, when morning bids me rise,
My heart lifts up above the skies ?*

* Alluding to the pious practise, early taught Catholics, of offering their heart to God immediately on awaking in the morning.

How oft I thy soft influence feel,
 When o'er my mind sad tempers steal,
Fixing the thoughts of thy weak child,
 On blessed Jesus meek and mild.

Oh! my good angel, praise for me,
 Our Lord, who thus permittest thee,
 A lowly infant, to attend,
 More watchful than an earthly friend.

How sweet to know, my angel guide
 Will, where I go, with me abide ;
 So careful always must I be,
 To do nought thou would'st grieve to see.

Pray that my life so holy be,
 That when death comes, to heaven by thee
 My happy soul be borne, and I
 Thy care bless through eternity !



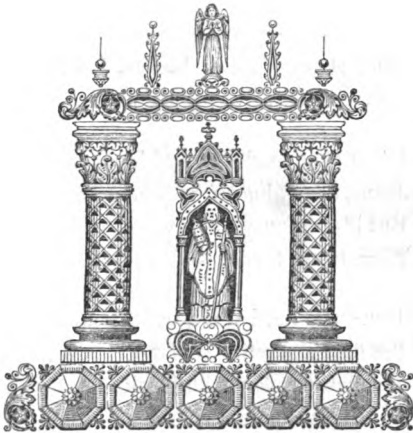
HYMN FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

JESUS, Lord, I come to thee,
Thou wast once a child like me,
Always innocent and mild,
Never as a wilful child.

Thou did'st never, dearest Lord,
Disobey thy parents' word ;
I, in this, am not like thee,
But I really *wish* to be.

I often do speak angrily,
Sullen look, and peevish cry ;
None of this was found in thee,
Oh ! forgive it, Lord, in me.

Jesus do thy blessing give,
And I then shall holy live ;
When I die my soul shall be,
In a happy place with thee.



OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

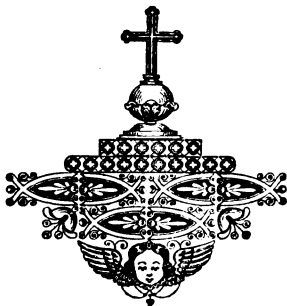
CAN I pretend my Lord to love,
 Yet do, what he will disapprove?
 No reverence pay to those that he
 Places with tender care o'er me?

He bids me learn of him ; then be
His holy life the rule for me ;
And always did, my blessed Lord,
Obey his earthly parents' word.

Obedience rendered for his sake,
Jesus, as to himself, will take ;
But if obedience I refuse,
Then Jesu's favour shall I lose.

Jesus, the Lord of all, wast thou,
Yet to thy parents' will did'st bow ;
Then sure, a lowly child like me,
Obedient should strive to be.

My Jesus, thou hast said, I prove,
By keeping thy commands, my love ;
Obey your parents, saith thy word :
Help me to do so, blessed Lord.



HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

GLORY be to God on high ;
Now my feeble voice shall try
With the angel choir to sing,
And greeting give the new-born king.

Sweet Lord Jesus, thou dost come,
And choose a stable for thy home ;
That to little ones like me,
Thou may'st shew humility.

Poor thou seemest to our eyes,
Yet angelic voices rise ;
And, as Lord of all, proclaim
The little babe of Bethlehem.

Lying in thy lowly cot,
Though thy glory shineth not ;
Yet do heaven and earth declare,
'Tis Jesus Christ, the Saviour, there.

Then, Jesus, on this joyful day,
Let me my glad homage pay ;
By an infant be ador'd,
Glory to thee, Infant Lord !





SHE SHALL RISE AGAIN.

AND she is dead, who used to play
 With us through many a happy day ;
 To weep for her is now in vain,
 We cannot see her here again.

Of that face, so fair to see,
 Which ever sweetly smil'd on me ;
 Could I but one short glimpse obtain !
 But shall I see it ne'er again?

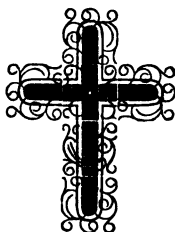
Hush, little one, this sorrow cease,
 Pray that her spirit rest in peace ;
 And hope, nor canst thou hope in vain,
 Thy sister thou shalt see again.

Behold the summer's beauties fled ;
 The trees which shaded us, how dead ;
 But spring shall come, and they obtain
 Their life and beauty all again.

God, who the trees of life deprives,
 And then anew their beauty gives,
 Doth, in his sovereign will, ordain
 The dead shall all, arise again.

The blessed dead shall rise to be
 With him through all eternity ;
 Glory both body and soul obtain,
 Nor can they ever die again.

Then humbly hope thy sister dear,
 Who lov'd of heaven to think whilst here,
 Will rise to joy, which mayst thou gain,
 Both meeting, not to part again.



THE LAMB OF GOD.

A little child went out to play,
It was upon a summer's day ;
The scene looked beauteous all around,
Young lambs were frisking on the ground,
Which was bedeck'd with daisies white,
And other flowers of colours bright.

But thoughtful looked the little boy,
Nor seemed the beauties to enjoy ;
His usual eagerness for play
Had quite deserted him to-day ;
His mother asked the reason why,
And marked the tear drop in his eye.

F

Dear mother, sorrowful I am
To look upon yon pretty lamb,
And think, alas, the cruel knife
Must end so soon his harmless life ;
We see him sporting here this morn,
Haply to-morrow find him gone.

I'm pleas'd, the mother said, to find,
My child, you have a feeling mind ;
But weep not, for the lamb you see,
His short life spendeth joyously ;
And when it is that he must die,
Not long can last his agony.

But sorrow, child, should fill thy heart,
To think that thou hast caused a part
In all the sufferings that befel
Him, whom thy soul hast lov'd so well ;
'Tis fit thy eyes should tears afford,
When thinking on the Lamb of God.

Think how his holy life was spent—
Submissive, meek, and innocent.

No joy did Jesus ever know,
For all was bitterness and woe ;
And ling'ring death of anguish he,
The Lamb of God endur'd for thee.

The mother marked with joy, the tear,
Sacred to Jesus, now appear ;
And when at holy sacrifice,
The pray'r sublime was chanted thrice ;
Unto the Lamb of God did she,
Hear him repeat it fervently.





FOR A SICK CHILD.

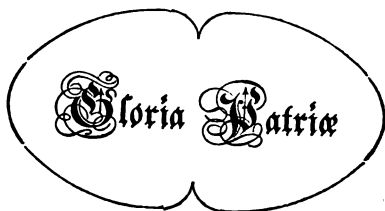
SWEETEST Jesus, pitying see,
An afflicted little one ;
Thou who, on the fatal tree,
Didst in such dread sorrow groan ;
If it be thy will, relieve,
Or much patience to me give.

When I roll my weary head,
Fevered with the trying pain,
Restlessly upon my bed,
Resignation let me gain ;
When thinking of thy thorny crown,
And join my sorrows with thy own.

In the night I'll think of thee,
 And of all thy bitter woe,
 Borne in dark Gethsemane,
 Such as mortals cannot know ;
 Dear ones now are near to me,
 All thy loved ones fled from thee.

Every thing to do me good,
 Kindly is bestowed on me ;
 Healing medicine, tempting food,
 Ah, how different to thee ;
 What did wicked men accord,
 To thy torturing thirst, my Lord ?

In thy holy words I pray,
 If thou willest let it be,
 That this sorrow pass away ;
 If not, thy will be done in me .
 If health be mine, for thee I live ;
 In death, my soul to thee I give.



HYMN OF PRAISE FOR CREATION.

PERMIT a child, Almighty God,
 To praise thy majesty ;
 For ever be that power ador'd,
 Which has created me.

Which has my body formed, that I
 May Enjoy thy gifts below ;
 My soul, whose happy destiny
 Is, endless joy to know.

It is through thee I see and hear,
And taste, and feel, and move ;
And thus, the many blessings here
Enjoy'd, are through thy love.

But for my soul, Lord, praise receive,
Which, when the body dies,
Thou promisest a place to give
With thee above the skies.

Then, Lord, I will thy goodness bless,
Which has created me
For heaven's eternal happiness,
When life is spent for thee.





FLOWERS.

**I LOVE to see the Sanctuary
Deck'd with the fairest flowers ;
All that's fair belongs to thee,
Why should we call them ours ?**

**'Tis fit, the rose should there
Most prominent be seen ;
The Rose of Sharon is our Lord,
And she the flowers' bright queen.**

**And next unto the rose,
The lily pale we see,—
The spotless type of that blest one,
Who is all purity.**

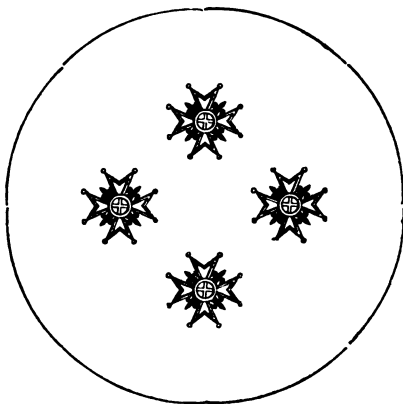
The fragrant violet too,
 Should breathe its sweetness there ;
 The humble soul, with virtues bright,
 All to this flower compare.

And there the passion-flower
 Is surely rightly placed ;
 Upon whose leaves distinctly may
 The holy sign be traced !

How many beauteous flowers
 Richly the altar grace !
 Well spent is all their loveliness,
 In such a sacred place.

Thus, Holy Church delights,
 Her offerings to bring,
 To Him, from whom she all receives,
 Her bounteous Lord and King.*

* It is but right to say, for the ideas in this little Poem, I am indebted to a beautiful tale in the " Catholic Pocket Book, 1846."



THE STARS.

I LOVE to see you, pretty stars,
Beaming upon my sight ;
But yet I love you not alone,
Because you are so bright.

Often my childish thoughts have been
When gazing upon you,
The skies were pierc'd that might be seen
The glory peeping through.

But now, indeed, my youthful heart
Doth wiser feelings prove ;
Rising higher far than earth,
Even to heaven above.

I'm minded of the beauteous star
Which shone on fallen earth ;
Telling to it, the glorious news,
The promis'd Saviour's birth ;

And lighted the Magi holy men,
Their offerings to bring,
And their hearts adoration pay,
To Jesus, new-born king !

So now, when viewing ye, I'll mind
My offering to give,
All that I have, my heart, to God,
May He the gift receive.



TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

OH, blessed lady, wilt thou be
To me a tender mother ;
For to such little ones as me,
Thy Jesus is a brother.

I know thou hast the nearest place
Unto his glorious throne ;
I know that thou art full of grace,
Thou ever blessed one.

Obtain for me a plenteous share
 Of every heavenly grace ;
 That I may live for Jesus here,
 Hereafter see his face.

With titles fair, the Church of God
 Delights to honour thee ;
 But this, “ the Mother of my Lord,”
 The dearest is to me.

By this I call to mind, that thou
 Was purest one so blest,
 To clasp the Lord of Glory to
 Thy ever guileless breast.

By all the love that thou hast borne
 His holy infancy,
 For mine do thou an interest own,
 And plead to him for me.

I BELIEVE ONE HOLY CATHOLIC
AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

THERE can be but one true road,
Which can bring me to my God ;
And 'tis sweet for me to know,
In this way I'm taught to go.

'Tis the church, where all are found
Treading in one holy ground ;
Where they all, from age to youth,
Hold the same most glorious truth.

Her's the path of holiness,
All her doctrines must confess ;
Saints and martyrs now above,
Did these holy doctrines love.

Could I distant countries see,
With the church I still should be ;
She has to the nations given
Her bright faith, which leads to heaven.

This church for which Jesus died,
 He did carefully confide
 To apostles, who all sought
 Far to spread what he had taught.

Cheerfully these shed their blood,
 Thus the faith proved of their Lord ;
 But ere they died, sent others, who
 Taught the precious doctrines too.

So it in each age has been,
 To the time we now live in ;
 Holy pastors keep with care,
 Truth as jewels bright and rare.

Thus it is, four marks are shown
 In the church, that all should own ;
 And, may God give grace, that I
 In his church may live and die.

ON TELLING LIES.

“ Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.”

OH ! fearful sin it is to tell,
What we know is not true ;
For liars are abhorred by God,
By men are hated too.

What dreadful punishment for lies,
Is in God's word declar'd ;
For Satan, is their father called,
And hell their place prepared.

In holy writ we read of two,
Suddenly condemned to die ;
Who, unto Christ's apostles dared
To tell a wilful lie.*

* Acts.

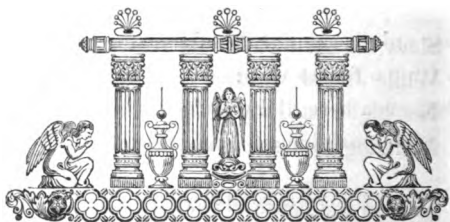
Not only is the liar doom'd
Unto a future woe ;
But, even here, the wretched one
Some punishment shall know.

For every one his company
Despising will forsake ;
All know what fearful mischief lies
Do never fail to make.

Then let me ne'er a falsehood tell,
Even a fault to hide ;
But ever speak the truth, that all
May in my word confide.

Let me, when tempted to declare
What is not true, mind well,
That liars never are believ'd,
Even when truth they tell.

But if I speak the truth, then God
Will many faults forgive ;
And here, all will those children love,
Who seek not to deceive.



PALM SUNDAY.

Now, to the triumph of her king,
 Hosanna, holy church doth sing ;
 See palms around the altar lay,
 To celebrate the festal day. :

What joyful sight was that of old,
 The Hebrew children to behold ;
 Eager to Jesus homage pay,
 Strew palm and olive in his way.

Hark, for it is an infant choir,
 Who hymns of praise to sing aspire ;
 From them the loud hosannas ring,
 And lisping voices bless their king.

Shall Christian children not sing out,
While Jewish children sing and shout ?
No, higher still my voice I'll raise,
And sing hosanna, hymn of praise.

Now in the house of God all stand,
Holding a palm-branch in one hand,
Which has been blest, for *there* is nought
Used, ere the blessing has been sought.

I'll keep mine ; when on 't I look,
'Twill be to me an open book,
Whose page declares my youthful days,
Should render God his meed of praise.





THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

**JESUS, thy name ever blessed,
 Bids every heart rejoice,
 'Tis fit thy praise should be confessed
 By every youthful voice.**

**Jesus, at thy blest name,
 'Tis beautiful to see,
 With one accord, a multitude
 Adore, on bended knee.**

Jesus, the mighty God,
 Jesus, meek, and gentle one,
 My heart its Lord adores in thee,
 Its brother dares to own.

Jesus, thy bitter woe,
 Demands that tears be given ;
 Jesus, my risen Lord, thy triumph
 I'll sing with those of heaven.

Jesus, thou Shepherd good,
 I sing thy dying love,
 Who, that thy lambs might not be lost,
 Left thy bright throne above.

Jesus, thou Lamb of God,
 I sing thy purity ;
 Model of innocence, no guile
 Was ever found in thee.

Jesus, the humble babe,
 Let praise be sung to thee,
 Who, in the crib at Bethlehem,
 Hid thy dread majesty.

Jesus, the judge of all,
Thy mercy will I sing,
For thou hast justice satisfied,
My Saviour and my King.

Jesus, the King of Kings,
Thy glories dare I sing,
Before whom angels veiled adore,
And fitting tribute bring ?

Jesus, the Prince of Peace,
Oh ! while I sing thy praise,
I pray thy blessed peace be mine,
The remnant of my days.



HYMN OF PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I give thee, God the Father, praise,
Who reigns in might above,
Who in thy image modelled me,
The subject for thy love.

Oh! God the Son, I yield thee praise,
Who to my soul has given,
Purchased by thy most precious blood,
A title unto heaven.

Thee, God the Holy Ghost, I praise,
Who sanctifiest my youth,
Inspires my soul with warm desire,
To love God's holy truth.

Unto the glorious Three in One,
Is due all praise divine ;
Then, Holy Trinity receive
Praise from this heart of mine.



THE MARTYRS.

Tortures too terrible to hear,
Of old did holy martyrs bear ;
And there were some as young as I,
Who feared not for the faith to die.

Reproaches, shame, and suffering sore,
They with a heavenly meekness bore,
And like their Saviour, meekly prayed,
For those who on their torture laid.

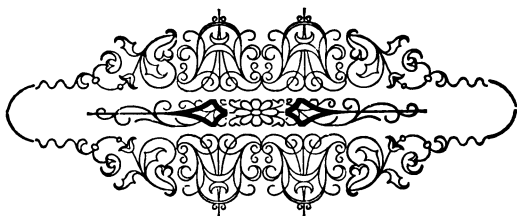
But, Oh ! could we behold them now,
With shining crowns upon each brow,
Arrayed in robes of purest white
What glories would burst on the sight !

Ye blessed martyrs, can it be,
 That I your bright abode shall see?
 I am not called as were you,
 For love of God my life bestow.

But when he sends me sorrows here,
 This I can do, with meekness bear ;
 For still the promise doth remain,
 Who bears the cross, the crown shall gain.

Oh ! glorious saints, obtain for me
 The Spirit, wrought your Sanctity ;
 May I each pain and trial take
 With patient love, for Jesus sake.





FOR A PENITENT CHILD.

SHOW pity, Oh ! my Lord, to me,
I know I have offended thee ;
But now I would the sin forsake,
Do thou forgive for Jesu's sake.

I hate my sins, for well I know
They caused my Jesu's blood to flow ;
But if I do repent and own,
Then all can that same blood atone.

Too many are they ; but thy Word
Declares thy mercies more, my Lord :
Then be thy tender mercy given,
To a heart with sorrow riven.

I now resolve thy way to choose,
And strive thy favor not to lose ;
But, Oh ! unless thy help I gain,
My resolution will be vain.

Pardon me now, thy blessing give,
That in thy favor I may live,
And tremble at a thought, or word,
That may offend Thee, O my God.



THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

OH ! what a solemn thing to know,
That every action done below,
From heaven above, the Almighty sees,
Though hidden from all eyes but his.

**From sight of men we hide away,
From sight of God we cannot stray ;
Dark tho' the covering of the night,
To God the darkness is as light.**

**Into the heart our God can look,
To Him it is an open book ;
Our thoughts he reads, and with a frown
In a great book the bad sets down.**

**Oh ! let me ever careful be,
And keep my heart in purity,
And be my every action fair,
Since God can see me every where.**

ON QUARRELLING.

“ Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity.”—PSALM 133.

HATEFUL 'tis, to Almighty God,
 Fierce quarrelling to see ;
 He wills, the children of his care
 Should lovingly agree..

God has declared, who loveth Him
 Must always love each other ;
 And that child loveth not his God,
 Who dares to hate a brother.

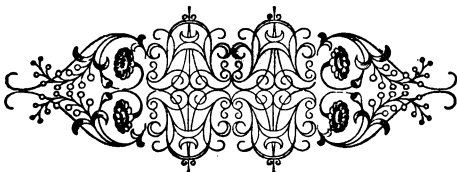
When little children here are seen
 To live in enmity,
 They, like the evil spirits are,
 Who ever disagree.

But little ones who here are found
In harmony and love,
Are like the happy angels, who
Dwell in sweet peace above.

Jesus beholds them with a smile,
For like to him are they ;
But from the child, who passion shews,
He turns in wrath away.

Then may I strive in peace to live,
And wicked quarrels shun ;
Seeking to show my love to God
By loving every one.





HEATHEN CHILDREN.

THERE are some little children,
Who live across the sea,
Poor little ones ! who are not taught
To worship God like me.

They never hear of God,
Or Jesus his dear Son,
But offer pray'r and sacrifice
To gods of wood and stone.

Praise will I give my God,
That I to Him was brought ;
Baptized in His holy faith,
His precious doctrines taught.

But will I ever pray,
By heathen children soon,
Almighty God may be ador'd,
His holy truths be known.

In our own happy land
Was idol worship taught ;
Until the Church sent holy men,
Who here the true faith brought.

She still does teachers send,
And spreads the faith around ;
May God her efforts bless, that soon
No heathen lands be found.

Then in my prayers will I
For little children pray,
Who never yet were taught to know
God and his holy way.

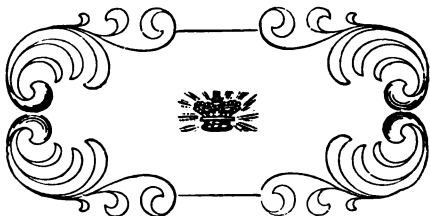
BEHAVIOUR IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

OFTEN in Chapel may we see
Children behave irreverently ;
Do they forget Almighty God
Is there to be by them adored !

Angels surround the Sanctuary,
Christians adore on bended knee ;
The Priest is offering solemn prayer,
And yet to play do children dare.

Oh, may I never, never be,
Like to so many that I see ;
For well I know I have been taught,
My Lord to worship as I ought.

I'll kneel in Chapel and entreat
As though I was at Jesu's feet :
That He, my worship will approve,
A blessing send from Heaven above.



THE JUDGMENT DAY.

THERE is a day that all must see;
And, oh ! how awful will it be,
When from above the Lord of all
Will come to judge both great and small.

An angel shall the trumpet sound,
Heard shall it be the world around ;
From the dark grave the dead shall come,
To hear pronounced their final doom.

The hearts of all will then be shown,
All wicked thoughts and actions known ;
Vainly will seek the wicked then,
To hide from angels and from men

Angels the Saviour's cross shall bear—
 Sight to the bad of black despair!
 But to the good, a sight most blest,
 Bidding them hope for endless rest.

Then shall the mighty judge command,
 And these be plac'd at his right hand ;
 But at his left shall be the place
 Of those who never sought his grace.

The sentence then to some will be,
 " Come, all ye blessed unto me ;
 " Come, and my kingdom now possess,
 " Your reward and happiness !"

But, oh ! what pains shall seize that heart
 Who hears the awful words, " Depart !"
 " Go, for hell's dreadful fire shall be
 " Your portion through eternity."

My God, oh ! let me here obey
 All thy commands, that on that day
 I may at thy right hand appear,
 The joyful sentence then to hear.

Oh, melancholy day,
Let me my meed of sorrow pay ;
By ev'ry sign doth Holy Church display
Her bitter woe.

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No Alleluias tell
Of joy and praise ; even the altar bell
Is hush'd ; the mourning church lets nothing quell
Her grief profound.

Why is it so ?
The answer hear, with brow
Hid in the dust ; for thee, O mortal, know
Thy God has died.

If thou on Calvary
Hadst stood beside the cross, most fatal tree !
What would have felt thy heart such woe to see
As Jesus bore ?

Love had held mighty pow'r
Sorrow for sins which caus'd such direful sore ;
Fix thy resolves to be from that dread hour
Thy suffering Lord's.

Upon this day,
The Church invites her children all to pay
To him their due, whose sins he purg'd away,
Of sympathy.

Be not in vain
Before thee brought, that more than mortal pain
Which for thy precious soul did hope obtain
Of endless joy.

Hallow this day ;
Be the remembrance of earth's joys away ;
Afflict thyself, fast, weep, and pray,
Such mourners blest !



EASTER SUNDAY.

THIS day our blessed Saviour rose
Triumphant from the grave ;
Finished are all the sorrows, he
Endured our souls to save.

I'll join with all his Holy Church,
And joyful homage bring,
To celebrate thy victory—
My risen Lord and King.

We've sorrowed for the cruel death,
Our Saviour for us bore ;
But we rejoice he rises now,
Never to suffer more.

The resurrection of our Lord
A surety doth obtain ;
As he hath risen so shall we,
Never to die again.



THE CEMETERY.

VERY solemn 'tis to stray
 Where the dead in numbers lay,
 Resting till the judgment-day :

And telleth many a grassy mound,
 That in this cold and silent ground,
 Might youthful ones like me be found.

But where the spirit?—Was its flight,
To yon blest world of endless light,
Attended by the angels bright?

Oh! happy spirit, often be
Thy prayers in heaven heard for me,
That I may joy partake with thee.

But, ah! sad thought, perhaps the tomb
Hides some cut off in youthful bloom,
Whose souls are veiled in endless gloom.

While pitying their awful fate,
Grateful I'll feel, 'tis not too late
For grace to avert from me such fate!

And here, perhaps, do many lay,
Whom Death called suddenly away,
Deprived of time to think and pray:

They would have shed repentant tears,
They would have offered earnest paryers,
Had but a longer day been their's.

Mercy forbids that they should be
Lost through the long eternity,
Nor can they yet pure heaven see.

But these departed ones are they
Who sorrow for the long delay,
Which hinders them from endless day.

My heart is taught to heed their sighs,
And let for them my prayer arise,
That soon they mount above the skies.

Then, mercy to my prayers accord,
For those who living loved thee Lord;
Eternal rest be their reward !





THE ORPHAN.

My dear mamma is dead, and now
 To please her I can nothing do ;
 And tears I shed to think, that I
 Have grieved her so repeatedly.

Could I but see her, I'd deplore,
 And promise so to do no more ;

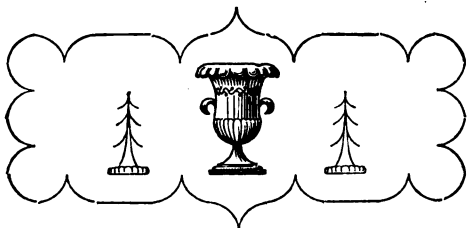
But now, alas ! too late, I moan,
My kind mamma's for ever gone.

But there's one duty left me yet,
Nor, for a day, will I forget
To pray her precious soul may rest
Soon in the mansions of the blest.

And she will take her upward flight,
Unto a world of endless light ;
And there, how sweet to think ! will hear
How oft arose her orphan's prayer.

And from the abodes of happiness,
Mamma her mourning child will bless,
Nor cease for me to supplicate,
Till we in joy each other meet.





THE CHRISTENING.

I SAW a pretty baby brought
 Into the holy place,
I marked the fervent joy that seemed
 To shine on every face.

I saw upon the infant's head,
 The minister of God
Invoking the Eternal Three,—
 The sacred water poured.

With holy chrism, I beheld,
 The cross's sign he traced,
And linen then of snowy white
 On the sweet child he placed.

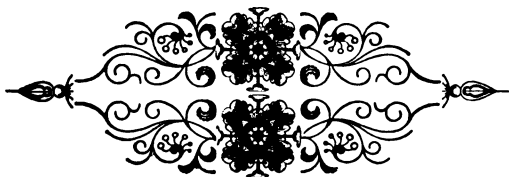
Oh ! what inestimable grace
 Baptism doth convey ;
 Though born in sin, this sacrament
 Purges our sin away.

With chrism doth the Church anoint
 The child, to show that he
 Is consecrated unto God,
 For ever his to be.

The linen white tells that the soul
 From stain of sin is free ;
 Sweet babe, how long wilt thou retain
 Baptismal purity ?

Thus Holy Church, by Christ's command,
 Dispenses grace divine ;
 Applies his merits to the soul,
 By means of outward sign.

My Lord, who bids thy Church have care
 For helpless infancy,
 Grant, that all those, so early brought,
 May faithful prove to thee.



CONFIRMATION.

OH, what a holy sacrament
Is that, which gives to me
The Holy Ghost, the blessed source
Of all true sanctity.

He comes to enrich my youthful soul
With ev'ry heavenly grace ;
He comes with seven-fold gifts, that I
May ev'ry one possess.

A mark is set upon the soul,
With the broad seal of heav'n ;
Faith is confirm'd ;—love, joy, and peace,
And plenteous graces giv'n.

The holy chrism consecrates
My body to the Lord ;
It is his temple ;—he will be
By every sense ador'd.

Oh, now, with reverence and awe,
Let me my soul prepare,
And such a heavenly guest receive,
By fervent heartfelt prayer.

From every stain of sin, I pray,
My soul may be set free ;
A sinful breast he will not make
His living sanctuary.

Come then, oh, Holy Spirit, come,
Thou spirit blest of truth ;
Enter my breast, and ever be
The guardian of my youth.





PENANCE.

OH, precious balm unto the heart,
 To feel its sins forgiven ;
 Assured, the pardon here pronounced
 Is ratified in heaven.

The loving mercy of our Lord
 Does plainly here appear,
 To let the words of pardon fall
 Upon the sinner's ear.

But contrite must that sinner be,
 Whom such a gift shall bless ;
 And with humility profound,
 His frailty must confess.

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To God, whose justice he has wronged,
To all his court above ;
To one on earth, who in his name,
The weight of sin may move.

By prayers and penitential works,
Which God do ever please ;
With these, how should the sinner seek,
His justice to appease ?

For though the sin be all forgiv'n,
Yet must the offender bear,
For all the guilt that has been his,
Of punishment a share.

'Tis little, surely, we can do,
But let us do our best ;
And our dear Lord will satisfy
Stern justice for the rest.

Then let us love him for the means
He to his church has giv'n ;
To let the contrite sinner know
His sins are all forgiv'n.



THE EUCHARIST.

AND will the Lord of glory make
 My humble breast his throne?
 Oh, what its feelings should be, when
 It dares such inmate own.

My soul is lost, she cannot dwell
 On such an act divine ;
 But offers all her powers, Lord,
 To be for ever thine.

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She vents herself in fervent acts
 Of faith, of hope, and love ;
 Entreats, that grace be shower'd from
 Thy bounteous throne above.

O Lord ! this grace bestow, that I,
 Who ne'er can worthy be,
 May yet, ere thee I dare receive,
 From wilful sin be free.

A dwelling-place for earthly king
 Not only clean must be,
 But bright and costly gems are there,
 Most beautiful to see.

So let my breast, not only be
 Made clean from ev'ry sin ;
 But there let heavenly graces shine,
 As precious gems within.

What is the soul's best ornament ?
 Lord, sweet humility !
 For how dost thou abase thyself
 To visit such as me !

Contrition for the sins, whereby
 I have offended thee ;
 And gentleness and meekness are
 The virtues thou wouldst see.

Stamp on my memory, O my Lord,
 Thy bitter death has given
 To me this sacrament of love,
 Pledge of the joys in heaven.

O wondrous union of the soul,
 My dearest Lord, with thee ;
 Never did thy pure angels taste
 This real felicity.

Jesus, my hidden Lord, receive
 All my heart yields to thee,
 Who comes with such amazing love
 Thyself to abide in me.





THE LAST SACRAMENT.

WHEN the feeble shortening breath
Tells the near approach of death,
The help of Holy Church is near,
The timorous fainting soul to cheer ;
To Dissipate the awful gloom,
And light her passage to the tomb.

The cross is placed before the sight,
And faith, and hope, and love unite ;
And Holy Church ne'er let's it be
The eyes should gaze on vacancy,

Or close in time of mortal fear
To spectres they imagine near.

Now, the minister of God,
Having humbly grace implor'd,
Communicates, by outward sign,
To the soul that grace divine ;
The matter oil, devoutly blest,
As Holy Scripture hath express'd.

The senses must anointed he ;
The eyes that have seen vanity ;
The lips ; that oft were wont by word
Deeply to grieve Almighty God ;
The nose, for as a pleasant smell,
The world's corruptions it loved too well.

The ears which oft, without a fear,
Profane discourse would boldly hear ;
The feet, for they have gone astray
Too often from the heavenly way ;
The hands, O, be they lifted now,
That God the needful mercy shew.

The rites are ended, but the prayer
For the departing, rises there ;
Angels invoked their aid to shew,
Combat the souls remorseless foe,
And bear it on the wings of love
Triumphantly to Heaven above.

Such comforts Holy Church provides,
In that dread hour, for those she guides :
She sanctified them at their birth ;
She watched around their path on earth ;
And, now the hour of death is come,
With torch of faith she lights them home.





FUGITIVE PIECES.

RELIGIOUS MEMORIALS.

AND art thou grieved to know, the Church doth,
 with a watchful care,
Grant, to the oft too frigid heart, a help to fervent
 prayer?
 Oh, wilt thou not with me confess, how often
 bends the knee,
 While the tongue invoke in solemn tones the
 sacred majesty?

But where the thoughts, that then should be centred in all sublime ?

Alas ! they are still grovelling, with puerile things of time !

Humbled indeed the soul must be, this frailty to bemoan ;

But the children of the Mother Church, the wisdom too must own,

Which bids the tearful eyes look up, and, lo ! what meets them there ?

That which arrest the scatter'd thoughts and fixes them on prayer,

Canst thou unmov'd view ought that paints our blessed Saviour's love,

And still permit them, in the cold and heartless world, to rove ?

Canst thou view, thy blessed Lord, on his virgin mother's breast,

And yet not on thy spirit feel humility impress'd ?

Nor free'd his own words which tell, save we as children prove,

We never may expect to reach his promis'd rest
above?

What mother is there, as she doth her charge
so fondly press,

But breathes, sweet Jesus, once a child, "Do thou
my infant bless?"

And will the cross excite no tear, the crown of
thorns no sigh?

The nails wound not thy breast with grief, for
such fell agony?

The oozing blood, ah! canst thou view, and from
the pray'r refrain,

That for thee, a stream so costly—may not have
flow'd in vain?

And canst thou think it wrong to place before our
mortal sight,

What these best feelings of the soul ne'er fails
to excite?

There may, perhaps, be some, who need no help
the heart to raise,

Whose thoughts all steadfastly are fixed in hours
of prayer and praise;

Oh, happy Christian souls indeed, worthy of
 honour ye,
 But pity then a frailer one, for it is not so with
 me:
 Richly respond ye to such grace, for rarely is it
 given;
 But grant the help ye do not need, to aid weak
 ones to heaven.

My separated friends declare, (why should it cause
 offence?)
 The relics of her sainted ones, the church
 should reverence:
 She finds it solemnly declar'd in the all holy
 word,
 The body of a Christian is the temple of her
 Lord;
 She knows, that with the soul it will partake the
 joys on high,
 And venerates the object of such glorious destiny.

Possess'd ye ought, of one who had rank'd high
 in worldly fame;
 Would ye not cherish it?—and who would there
 be found to blame?

And when does e'er cold ridicule the bitter tear
 upbraid,
 On viewing what adorn'd the head; alas! now
 lowly laid?
 Oh no, respected is the tear, and echoed is the
 sigh,
 For nature bids heart yield to heart the purest
 sympathy.

Then say, why censure should be heaped upon the
 Church alone,
 For keeping the memorials of her good and great
 ones gone?
 Confess in this, as in all else, that ye can nothing
 find
 But what is rational, as pure!—worthy the noblest
 mind;
 Worthy the all-devoted heart, whom holiest truths
 revere;
 Worthy of that blessed Church our Lord bade
 all his followers hear.



LINES TO A FRIEND,

ON HONOUR DUE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AND canst thou slight the blessed one,
 Who bore her Saviour Lord and Son ?
 To her is there no rev'ence due,
 Whom a God-man was subject to ?

Dost thou the holy doctrine love,
 That the bright habitants above,

Are filled with purest joy to hear
The sinner's voice in earnest prayer ?

And that exalted one doth she
Not taste this rich felicity ;
Who knew, by Calvary's sacrifice,
The soul's inestimable price ?

How did her bitter cup o'erflow
In that tremendous scene of woe ;
The truth of holy Simeon's word,
How proved the mother of our Lord

And can it need much faith to know,
Who more than all hath shared below
Our Saviour's grief, now dwells above,
The choicest object of his love ?

And thinkest thou, that mother blest,
Feels for the souls no interest ?
For whom he died ; to her is nought,
The victory he so dearly bought ?

And wouldst thou not such interest,
Mary for thee might manifest ?
Plead with her, son, for thy soul's gain,
And could she supplicate in vain ?

Let veneration fill thy breast,
For her the Holy Ghost thrice blest ;
Nor honouring this honoured one,
Think thou dost rob her sacred son.

When bowing at the mercy-seat,
Thou wouldst peculiar grace entreat ;
Remember, angels list thy pray'r,
Remember her, to Jesus near.

Offer the solemn prayer to God,
For He the bounty doth accord ;
But think how powerful her plea,
Pray, Holy Mary, pray for me.



PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

“ It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.”

MACCABEES, ii. 12.

AND can we do no more for thee,
 But lay thee in the tomb?
 Bedew the grassy mound with tears,
 Bid flow'rets o'er it bloom?

Dwell upon happy moments past,
 When thou didst sojourn here,
 And let the surcharged bosom heave
 With many a sigh sincere?

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Oh, loved one, yes, our Mother Church
 Hath bade us do much more ;
 And taught, that praying breath, the soul
 Wafts to the happy shore.

Then for thee richly be it spent,
 Nor for bereft ones vain ;
 For wilt thou not remember us,
 When thou shalt heaven gain ?

Surely, for her below, thy heart
 Was ever fill'd with love ;
 Which in its purity regales
 The spirits blest above.

Sweet soul, that thou wast lov'd of God,
 Wast faithful to his grace ;
 We doubt not, and have lively hope,
 Thou soon wilt see his face.

But one so prized as thou wast here,
 Could scarce all pure remain ;

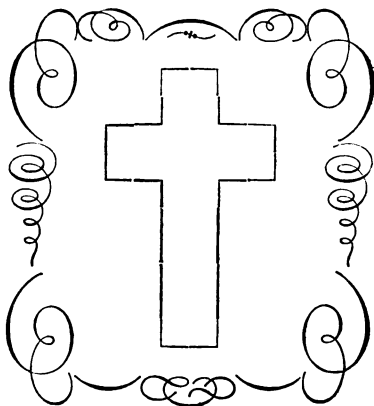
Nor would thy own humility
Plead nought of earthly stain.

Then, as the soul who heaven gains,
As heaven must spotless be,
Oft at a throne of mercy will
We supplicate for thee.

Who doeth this and owns not balm .
O'er the reaved heart is shed ?
And that " it is a holy thought"
To pray for the faithful dead.

Then, in the words of Holy Church,
We pray thou mayst be blest,
Loved spirit, with perpetual light
And never-ending rest.





THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

**OH, be not asham'd of the holy sign
Of thy soul's salvation sure ;
But own thy belief in a love divine,
And reproach for the cross endure.**

**The sign of the cross let thy breast receive,
On ev'ry returning morn ;
Entreat that thy Lord, rich graces may give
His followers life to adorn.**

Art thou in grief, and the murmuring thought
 Rebelliously shadows thy heart ?
 Make the sign of the cross, 'twill mind thee
 who bought
 Thy soul by a bitterer smart.

Lov'd friends of the faith, have ye sorrow'd
 with me,
 On the oft barren state of the mind ?
 Not a heavenward thought ; and when bending
 the knee,
 The tongue can no utterance find.

Then is it not sweet to show, faith, hope, and
 love,
 By so simple, yet holy a sign ;
 And to feel that a merciful Saviour above
 On the act will cause favour to shine.

Oh yes, for it is the intention, that he
 Will own in an action so small ;
 Condescending our Lord in dread majesty,
 As when humbled on earth for us all.

The sign of the cross, 'tis sanctified sure,
 By numbers now happy above ;
 The last act of the martyrs when called to
 endure
 A torturous death for their love.

Blessed symbol of faith ! Oh, tower, thou high
 Fitting crown to each temple of God ;
 A beacon, declaring to all that pass by,
 Within is the Saviour ador'd.

The sign of the cross, sweet signet of trust,
 On my infantine brow first impress'd ;
 All the honour I crave for my sleeping dust,
 Is to find 'neath thy shadow its rest.

And should this frail heart to glory arise,
 Love and praise shall each power employ ;
 And I'll sing of the cross above the skies,
 The cause of eternity's joy.

TO MY ANGEL GUARDIAN.

OH, angel guardian, leave not me

Alone to combat with my sin ;

But be thy robe of purity,

Armour to case my soul within ;

Leave me not, blessed one, or I

To endless happiness must die.

Fly me not now best, guardian thou,

But ministering aid impart ;

The crown upon thy seraph brow

Will not be dimm'd, although the heart

Thou soothest, is replete with ill,

Yet, Spirit pure, repentant still.

The bended knee, the deep drawn sigh,

The bitter but soul-healing tear ;

The folded hands, the heav'n-turned eye,

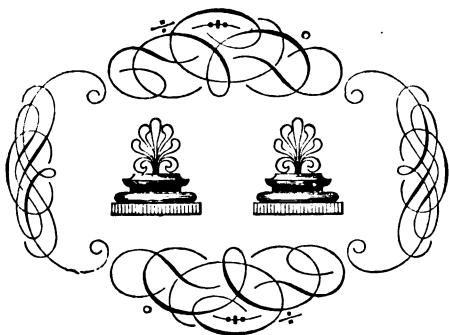
Shall signals be that thou art near ;

Thy intercession, holiest friend,
With my unworthy prayers shall blend.

And in the hour of pain, do thou
Be near, my fainting soul to cheer ;
Though agony my frame may bow,
Oh, seal my lips to all but pray'r ;
And ev'ry murmuring thought shall be,
Sweet spirit, chased away by thee.

When those in this frail wilderness
Would rend asunder friendship's charm,
Enable me e'en them to bless ;
My troubled spirit do thou calm,
And praying for them I'll revere,
My angel guardian, best friend here.

And when the hour of death shall be,
Solicit thou that things of time
Mar not my soul's sincerity,
But compass her with thoughts sublime ;
Be thou the last, this trembling frame to leave,
In heaven the first, my ransom'd soul receive.



ON THE TRUE CHURCH AND HER FOUR MARKS.

THOU long sought object of my search,
Espoused of Christ, my Mother Church ;
I've found thee, and upon thy breast
My weary soul delights to rest.

Unspotted church, alone in thee
The god-like badge of *unity*
I find, and that one sign doth shew
Fair truth's depositary, thou.

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But thou art *holy*, nations own,
 (Once worshippers of wood and stone,)
 Thou art the blessed cause, that now
 They to a stainless altar bow.

That thou art holy, let them tell
 Who know thy precious doctrines well;
 And those who list with unclos'd ear
 Their heavenward tendency declare.

Oh, let me wander where I will,
 Thou, Mother Church, art with me still;
 And with the great St. Austin, I
 Joy in thy Catholicity.

To what land have travellers been,
 Where thy glorious light's not seen;
 Saviour, how blest those words, indeed,
 Which said, thy Church should not be hid.

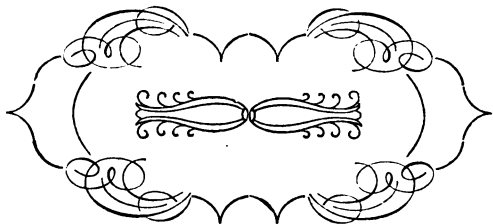
The corner-stone and founder thou,
 Then what can ever overthrow
 A fabric on Apostles built,
 Which to uprear, thy blood was spilt.

Oh, chain, more pure than gold, in thee,
 Not one dissever'd link I see ;
 And from thy humblest pastor know,
 The *Apostolic* Church art thou.

Church, who thus richly art adorned,
 Can it be thou who art so scorn'd ?
 That one thing where all sects agree
 Is in maligning, Mother, thee.

Saviour, they know not what they do,
 Forgive, and oh, their hearts renew ;
 And hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
 When all shall own thy truths sublime.





MIDNIGHT MASS.

'Tis midnight, yet the birth of day,
All's still—and numbers prostrate lay
Hid 'neath the pall of sleep—a faithful few
On holy thoughts intent, their way pursue.

'Tis passing cold, but yet these feel it not,
Their hearts are fervent, all's by them forgot,
But that it was such season rescued earth,
Heaven's wondrous gift sent down its Saviour's
birth.

Now 'neath the sacred roof, what feelings steal
O'er these devout ones, as they reverent kneel ;
Faith's mystic sign's on every brow impress ;
Faith, Hope, and Love, are inmates of each breast.

Now doth the Altar rivet every sight,
 Where love and honour shed such brilliant light;
 Which fragrant incense dims, and mounting there,
 Displays itself in truth, the type of prayer.

Now joyful lays do rapturous praise inspire,
 The Angel's hymn peals from the tuneful choir;
 Not ears alone are ravished, heartstrings ring
 A joyful welcome to the new-born king.

" Venite adoremus !" for the Lord,
 Obedient to his own almighty word,
 Will, in the veil his goodness loves to wear,
 Unto his faithful followers appear.

Hushed be each voice, let all in reverence bow,
 One sound declares the Lord is present now;
 From earthly dross be every spirit riven !
 To you a child is born, a Saviour given.

Oh ! happy, happy moment, sweet to know,
 The Lord of all above is here below ;
 His glory hid, his love alone appears,
 And thus he comes to this our vale of tears.

“ Hosanna in excelsis,” let the sound
The spacious temple echo all around ;
Angels, unheard by mortals, in chorus sing,
And greet on earth their heaven’s mighty king.

Ask what ye will, O, faithful ones, for now
God is prepared rich graces to bestow ;
You offer him a gift of boundless price,
Your altar’s pure unspotted sacrifice.

Ask boldly, for but slight are your demands
To what his goodness places in your hands,
That you, through it, his love and grace might
 gain,
His tender mercy never seek in vain.

Glow not the soul at such a solemn time ?
Is she not full of thoughts on all sublime ?
Does she not wish her humble self might be
Her hidden Lord’s well chosen sanctuary ?

Content thee, humble one, thou spirit blest !
Panting for Jesus, with thee, to make his rest ;

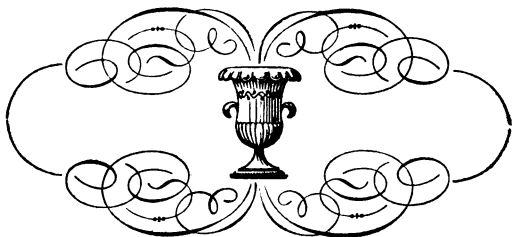
He comes, his grace brings with him, to adorn
The Soul, where he in spirit would be born.

How little is the time bestowed on heaven,
How large a share to earth's demands are given ;
The rites are ended, all in peace depart,
Reverence and love 'tis hoped in every heart.

And e'er that tired Nature is obey'd,
Their thoughts are His, who in Bethlem's manger
laid ;
Whose infant slumbers on the hallowed night
Were tended by a virgin mother bright.

Thus, faithful souls spend the eventful night,
Which gave a darkened world the God of light ;
Thus, the most wonderous thing e'er done on earth,
They celebrate a God,—a Saviour's birth.





A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

OH ! King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 Regard an humble suppliant's words,
 For England is my prayer ;
 For her return we humbly pray ;
 As she was forced from faith away ;*
 O ! God of nations, hear.

* The penal acts passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth show that England was not won from the ancient faith by love for what supplanted it, for had she been easily allured there would have been no occasion for the acts continually increasing in severity, as they did.

See her, once called the Isle of Saints,
See how she languishes and faints ;
 The flower of nations sighs
For truth's pure stream ; thou late hast shed
Some drops of dew upon her head ;
 The drooping one bid rise.

Command, Lord, then shall England be ;
All that she ever was to thee,
 Of thy blest truth, the shrine ;
The glorious honour of thy name,
By temples rich shall she proclaim,
 High raise the holy sign.

Oh, speak, thou father of the poor,
Bid faith light England, and what store
 Of gifts to them are given ;
They shall belong to those who know
And feel, to tend these sons of woe,
 They tend the King of Heaven.

And through those streets, where now are heard
 The curse profane, the impious word,
 Breathings of blessings be ;
 Then the stoled priest shall pass along,
 Claim reverence from the heedless throng
 Clad in his sacred livery.

Oh, God of love, thy mercy shew,
 Thou to whom nought is veiled below,
 Dost witness England's search
 For that pure gold, which but is found
 Within the mine, the hallowed ground,
 The pathway of thy Church.

View her, whom England now doth own ;
 See, like unto thy chosen one,
 She rears the cross on high,
 And outlines of thy truth doth preach,
 And in the abodes of learning teach,
 What long she did deny.

Jesus, good pastor of thy sheep,
 Thy faithful silence do not keep,
 But now for England pray ;
 Speak, and she'll enter thy own fold,
 And we shall her dark night behold
 Merge into perfect day.

St. Gregory, and St. Austin, ye,
 Who faith in all its purity
 To once blest England gave ;
 Ye lov'd her then : we know, in heaven
 Love ceaseth not,—pray now be giv'n,
 For England all we crave.

Oh, king of nations, deign to hear,
 For England, now, the fervent pray'r,
 And her as faithful own ;
 Let her be now what thou canst love,
 And rank with citizens above,
 When nations are all one.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

REQUIESCAT in pace, revile not the dead,
 Refuse not the ashes a tear ;
 How bitter and oft may be those he has shed,
 When the erring spirit was here.
 Breathe a hope that its frailties are now all forgiven,
 And the once sinful mortal now spotless in
 Heaven.

Requiescat in pace, the lips now so cold,
 May have quivered in death with a prayer ;
 And the heart that to none but its God could
 unfold,
 May to him have shewn penitence there ;
 And the Angel of mercy commissioned have borne
 From the Angel of death the spirit that's gone.

Requiescat in pace, for closed is the ear,
 The tongue now for ever is mute ;
 Let charity hold back thy charges severe,
 'Tis unworthy, he cannot refute.
 No record need keep of his sins they are shewn,
 In the same awful scroll where are noted thy own.

THE END.



